

# Besitos

## Pierce the Veil

You're my favorite explosion  
(You know the only real way to cure pain is to add a little more, because everything new distracts the old.)

A violin with no hands plays symphonies with no words.  
A drowning boy with no voice prays someone up there's telling me,  
"You're better not to get backup."  
I spit my heart into this red cup.  
I'd better pick it back up.  
It might ruin your night.

And she said, "baby leave the water by the bed for later."  
And I woke up without a single drop.  
I told myself, "I'm tired of holding up your backup plans."  
Go down your list and be satisfied if all you have is not enough.  
(true love comes from more than just the heart)

She said, paint a picture on me.  
Throw your dress up and your heart away.  
I heard what you said, no, a friend of a friend, these strangers at the party never paid.  
And if that doesn't turn you on,  
I'll keep talking till something does.  
And as we're covered in sand you roll over and smile.

I told myself, "I'm tired of holding up your backup plan."  
Go down your list and be satisfied it's all you have  
And until that day.  
I'll steal you flowers from the cemetery, red roses.  
Red rose of the dead.  
How does it feel to breath oxygen inside her head?

So say it, say I'm in love, because you called me crying from your job.  
Said you just got fired.  
And you don't have a backup plans.  
So, don't expect me to understand.

A diamond bullet and a gun made of gold, she was covered in blood last seen in San Francisco  
Yeah

We all breakdown.  
Sometimes the bedroom walls become my only friends.

But, they were there from beginning to end.

"I'm tired of holding up your backup plans."

Go down your list and be satisfied it's all you have

You know I never held a gun in my life..

But, now I carry one around in case I see you tonight.

Bedroom walls, oh, these bedroom walls.

Oh, I hate what it tastes like.

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Lyrics submitted by Sam Ewing.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>